

FLEETWAY
LIBRARY

WAR
PICTURE
LIBRARY
No 1912

Australia 62c
N. Zealand 60c
Malaysia \$1.50

FIRE IN THE EAST



ALSO ON SALE NOW...

BATTLE PICTURE LIBRARY

No. 1511 SOLDIER TRUE
No. 1512 CERTAIN DEATH
No. 1513 LONE WOLF
No. 1514 ANZIO AMBUSH
No. 1515 DOOMED FORTRESS
No. 1516 HURRICANE VENGEANCE

**PACKED
WITH
DRAMATIC
BATTLE
ACTION!**



SIX GREAT ISSUES EVERY MONTH

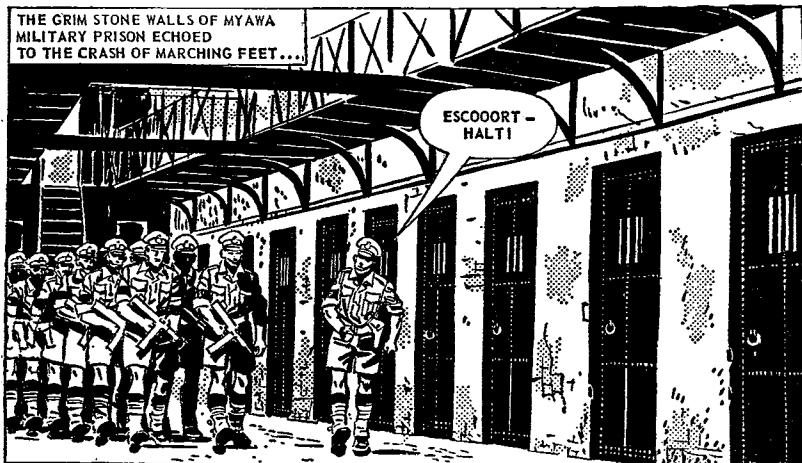
FIRE IN THE EAST

EARLY IN 1942, THE STAR OF JAPAN WAS IN THE ASCENDANT. HER ARMIES, NAVY AND AIR FORCE HAD CARRIED ALL BEFORE THEM ON THEIR MARCH OF CONQUEST IN THE FAR EAST. INTO THE FRIGHTENING CHAOS OF RETREAT AND DEFEAT, CAPTAIN MATT MADDOCK AND HIS ALREADY FAMED MARAUDERS WERE SUDDENLY PLUNGED.

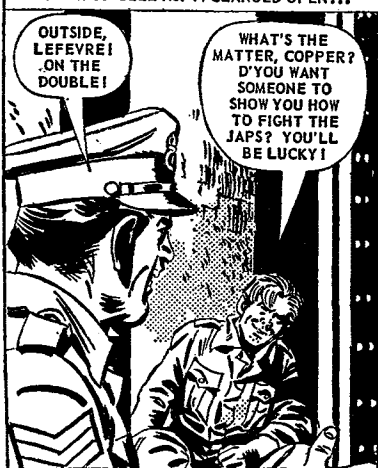


Chapter 1. CRASH LANDING

THE GRIM STONE WALLS OF MYAWA MILITARY PRISON ECHOED TO THE CRASH OF MARCHING FEET...



THE DOOR OF CELL No. 14 CLANGED OPEN...



SURROUNDED BY TWELVE BURLY MILITARY POLICEMEN, PAUL LEFEVRE WAS MARCHED TO JOIN TEN OTHER OF THE PRISON'S MOST DANGEROUS INMATES...



THE RIBALD JESTS DIED AS COLONEL HARRIS, COMMANDANT OF THE PRISON, CAME INTO THE HALL...

YOU MEN ARE BEING TRANSFERRED TO A PRISON FARTHER NORTH. REMEMBER THIS, ANY MAN WHO ATTEMPTS TO ESCAPE ON THE JOURNEY, WILL BE SHOT! THOSE ARE MY ORDERS!



AS ALWAYS, THE OTHER PRISONERS LOOKED TO THE EVIL LEFEVRE FOR SOME SORT OF LEADERSHIP...

WHAD'YA THINK, PAUL?

I THINK IT'S A MIGHTY LONG WAY TO THE NEXT GLASSHOUSE NORTH OF THIS DUMP. ANYTHING COULD HAPPEN, COULDN'T IT?





LEFEVRE'S EYES GLITTERED...

THE STUFF STILL IN THE WINDOWS - FURS, WATCHES - EVERYTHING! THE POOR FOOLS MUST'VE BEEN SO SCARED OF THE NIPS, THEY JUST UP AND RAN!



A CITY RIPE FOR THE LOOTERS, MEN WHOSE GREED WAS STRONGER THAN THEIR FEAR OF THE RAPIDLY ADVANCING JAPANESE.

GET BACK INTO LINE, LEFEVRE!

AW, GO CHASE Y'SELF!



ABANDONED GOODS WERE STILL STACKED ON THE WOODEN JETTY. ALL THE BOATS HAD LONG SINCE GONE - EXCEPT ONE ...

HEY, WHERE'S THE RED CARPET?



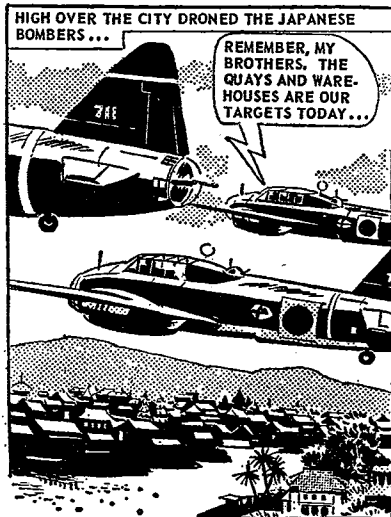
UNDER THE THREAT OF THE TOMMY GUNS, THE CRIMINALS BEGAN TO FILE ON TO THE RIVER FERRY, BUT THEN...

BLAZES!
THE AIR RAID
ALARM!



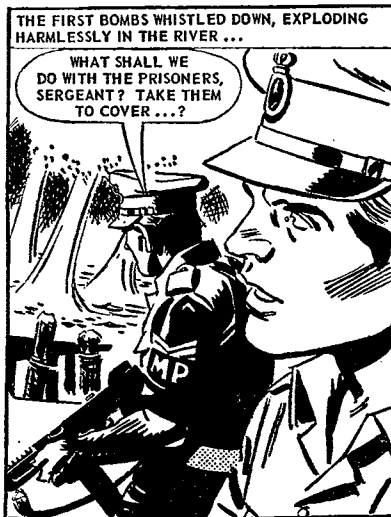
HIGH OVER THE CITY DRONED THE JAPANESE BOMBERS...

REMEMBER, MY BROTHERS, THE QUAYS AND WAREHOUSES ARE OUR TARGETS TODAY...



THE FIRST BOMBS WHISTLED DOWN, EXPLODING HARMLESSLY IN THE RIVER...

WHAT SHALL WE DO WITH THE PRISONERS, SERGEANT? TAKE THEM TO COVER...?



BEFORE THE POLICE SERGEANT COULD ANSWER,
THE JAPANESE IMPROVED THEIR AIM ...



LEFÈVRE, DESPITE
HIS MANACLES,
MOVED LIKE A
STRIKING COBRA...





THE ESCORT WERE COLD-BLOODEDLY MOWN DOWN, ALTHOUGH TWO OR THREE OF THE CONVICTS DID NOT ESCAPE UNSCATHED...



THEIR SHORT JOURNEY THROUGH THE EMPTY CITY HAD GIVEN LEFEVRE IDEAS...

THIS JOINT'S WIDE OPEN FOR LOOT - AND WE'RE GONNA GRAB OURSELVES A SLICE OF IT! LET'S GET THESE IRONS OFF FIRST ...!



THE WHOLE INCIDENT - THE FALL OF THE BOMB AND THE MASSACRE OF THE POLICEMEN - HAD TAKEN A FEW MINUTES ONLY. THE RAID WAS STILL ON - AND TWO MILES OUT FROM THE COAST...



THEN, SUDDENLY, THE FLYING BOAT FOUND ITSELF IN THE MIDST OF AN ENEMY BOMBER FORMATION ...

GOOD GRIEF! JAPS!
WE'VE BLUNDERED INTO
THE MIDDLE OF A JAP ATTACK -
AND WE HAVEN'T ENOUGH
FUEL TO TURN AWAY...!



THE CO-PILOT HURRIED BACK INTO THE PASSENGER COMPARTMENT ...

SORRY, CHAPS -
WE'RE IN A SPOT
OF TROUBLE! BETTER
FASTEN YOUR
SEAT BELTS!



AS THE CO-PILOT DASHED BACK INTO THE CABIN, CAPTAIN MATT MADDOCK, COMMANDO-EXTRAORDINARY, STARED OUT OF THE WINDOW BESIDE HIM ...

BY HECK! OUR FRIEND WASN'T EXAGGERATING! THOSE ARE JAP PLANES!



TRAVELLING WITH MATT WERE TWENTY MEN FROM HIS MARAUDER TROOP, MEN WHO HAD SURVIVED SOME OF THE TOUGHEST MISSIONS ANY COMMANDOS HAD UNDERTAKEN.

TONNERRE! I HAVE NEVER FELT SO HELPLESS!

WHO IS HELPLESS? WE HAVE GUNS, JULES - AND WE KNOW HOW TO USE THEM!



WITH THAT, THE FIERY LITTLE EX-POLISH COUNT, "MICK" PAULSKI, HAMMERED OUT THE GLASS OF THE NEAREST WINDOW AND OPENED FIRE ...



MICK, JULES GARCEAU AND THE MIGHTY DUTCHMAN, JAN SMIT, WERE MATT MADDOCK'S RIGHT-HAND MEN ...



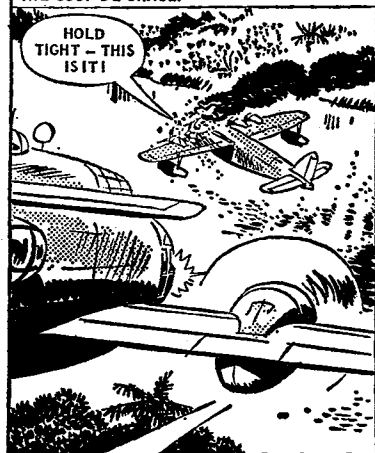
BUT THE SMALL ARMS' FIRE OF THE COMMANDOS COULD NOT SAVE THE SLOW AND CUMBERSOME CIVILIAN FLYING BOAT ...



IN AZING FURIOUSLY, THE GIANT PLANE DROPPED
TOWARDS THE MUDDY ESTUARY OF THE RIVER ...



THE JAPANESE PLANES SWOOPED AFTER
IT, THEIR GUNNERS GLEEFULLY DELIVERING
THE COUP DE GRACE.



HOLD
TIGHT - THIS
IS IT!

ONCE, TWICE - IT BOUNCED - AND THEN PLOUGHED THROUGH
THE WATER TRAILING A GREAT BANNER OF SMOKE AND FLAME...



WE'RE GOING
TOO FAST! I
CAN'T CONTROL
THE BRUTE!

LOOK OUT, SIR -
YOU'LL HIT
THE BANK...!

THE END WAS CATASTROPHIC ...



SHAKEN AND BRUISED, THE
COMMANDOS BEGAN TO CLIMB OUT
OF THE SHATTERED AIRCRAFT ...

AT LEAST
THE WATER'S
PUT THE
FIRE OUT!



HERE, JAN -
GIVE ME A HAND
TO GET AT THE
CREW. THE CABIN'S
BEEN SMASHED TO
PIECES...

THE DUTCHMAN LEVERED THE TWISTED METALWORK ASIDE
AND MATT SQUEEZED THROUGH. BUT A MOMENT LATER ...

IT'S NO
GOOD - THE
POOR CHAPS'VE
HAD IT!



MATT JOINED HIS MARAUDERS ON THE JETTY, TO STARE
AGHAST WITH THEM AT THE AFTERMATH OF THE MASSACRE ...

THEY ARE MILITARY
POLICEMEN, MON
CAPITAINE. I DO NOT
UNDERSTAND - IS IT
THE WORK OF THE
JAPANESE ...?



THE MARAUDER LEADER BENT AND PICKED
UP SOME CARTRIDGE CASES...

NO... LOOK AT
THIS! JULIUS!
THEY'VE BEEN
SHOT WITH
TOMMY GUNS!

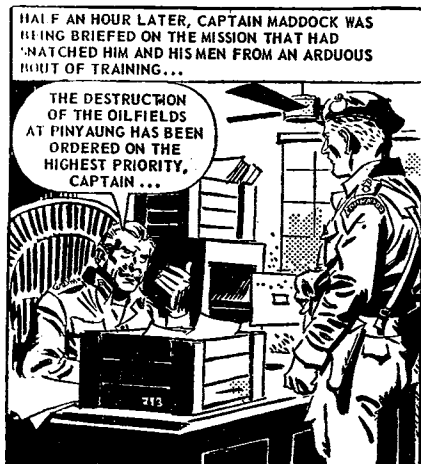
WHAT THE
DEVIL DOES
IT MEAN,
CAPTAIN?



WE CAN'T WAIT TO FIND OUT, MICK! WE'VE
BEEN SENT OUT HERE ON A RUSH JOB, SO
WE'D BETTER REPORT AND FIND OUT WHAT
IT IS...



Chapter 2. THE LOOTERS





A CENTRAL BRICK BUILDING APPEARED TO BE UNDER SIEGE ...

THAT'S A BREN FIRING FROM
H-101 THERE! GO BACK AND
BRING THE LADS HERE, MICK...



THE MARAUDERS SLIPPED SMOOTHLY INTO
BATTLE POSITIONS AT THE SILENT SIGNALS OF
THEIR LEADER ...



THEN ...

FIVE
ROUNDS
RAPID -
FIRE!



THAT SUDDEN VOLLEY CUT DOWN A NUMBER OF THE ATTACKERS ...

AAAGH!

WHAT THE
DEVIL...?



PAUL LEFEVRE, ACKNOWLEDGED LEADER OF THE MEN ATTACKING THE OILFIELD, GAVE A SNARL OF ANGER ...

ROT THEM!
THEY'VE GOT
REINFORCEMENTS!
HEAD FOR THE
TRUCKS - LET'S
GET TO HECK
OUTA HERE!



THE LOOTERS BROKE COVER AND RAN TOWARDS TWO LORRIES PARKED ON A DISTANT ROADWAY. BUT THEY DID NOT GET AWAY UNSCATHED.

PAUL -
H-HELP ME!
I'VE BEEN
HIT!

THAT'S
YOUR BAD
LUCK, LYNCH!
BE SEEIN'
YUH, PAL!



WOUNDED BY THE BULLETS AND BY LEFEVRE'S CURSES,
THE FOOTERS CLAMBERED INTO THEIR TRUCKS.

GET THE
SHIT ABOARD -
GILDI!



THE TRUCKS ACCELERATED AWAY AMONGST THE
DEBRIS, AND MATT AND HIS MEN APPROACHED
THE BUILDING WHICH HAD BEEN UNDER FIRE ...

THANKS -
THOSE SCUM HAD
US WORRIED THERE!
MY NAME'S DREW,
INCIDENTALLY -
SAPPERS.

CAPTAIN
MADDOCK, SIR -
I WAS ORDERED TO
REPORT TO YOU. I
HOPE WE SAW
THEM OFF IN
TIME ...



MAJOR DREW'S FACE WAS CREASED IN A WORRIED FROWN AS HE REPLIED...

UNFORTUNATELY - NO! THE SWINE GRABBED PRACTICALLY ALL OUR STOCK OF EXPLOSIVES! HOW THE DEVIL AM I GOING TO DESTROY THESE INSTALLATIONS NOW?



BUT WHAT WOULD THEY WANT EXPLOSIVES FOR, CAPTAIN?

MY GUESS, JAN, IS THAT IT'S FOR LOOTING - ON THE GRAND SCALE! THERE'S PROBABLY QUITE A BIT OF VALUABLE STUFF LEFT IN VAULTS AND STRONGROOMS BACK IN MYAWA!



MATT TURNED BACK TO THE ROYAL ENGINEERS OFFICER...

AND THAT'S WHERE SOME OF US WILL GO NOW - TO GET BACK THOSE EXPLOSIVES BEFORE THE BLIGHTERS USE THEM. I'LL LEAVE MY MARAUDERS TO GUARD YOU FROM HERE ON, MAJOR.



WHILE CAPTAIN MADDOCK AND HIS THREE "LIEUTENANTS", JAN, JULES AND MICK, WERE STILL ON THEIR WAY TO MYAWA, LEFEVRE WAS DRIVING INTO THE DESERTED CITY ...

WHAT'S THE BIGGEST BANK IN THIS DUMP, DUGGAN?

THE COLONIAL MUTUAL, BOSS. I SHOULD KNOW - I GOT TWELVE YEARS FOR TRYING TO BUST INTO THE PLACE!



JAKE DUGGAN LICKED HIS LIPS GREEDILY ...

ALL THE SILVER FROM THE UP-COUNTRY MINES COMES THERE! TONS OF IT EVERY WEEK!

SILVER, EH? YEAH, THAT'LL DO US FINE, IF IT'S STILL THERE. FOR A START, ANYWAY!



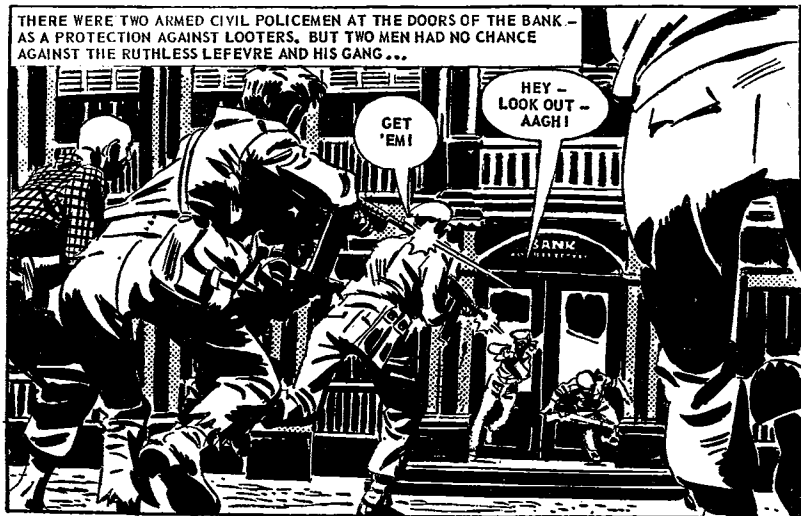
IT WAS DUSK BY THE TIME THE LOOTERS REACHED THE BANK. THE AIR RAID WARNING HAD JUST SOUNDED ...

ANOTHER CURSED AIR RAID! CAN'T WE FIND SHELTER SOMEPLACE TILL IT'S OVER, BOSS?

YOU CHICKEN-HEARTED SAP! WHEN WE LAY OUR HANDS ON THAT SILVER, YOU'LL FORGET THE BOMBS! NOW, C'M'ON!



THERE WERE TWO ARMED CIVIL POLICEMEN AT THE DOORS OF THE BANK - AS A PROTECTION AGAINST LOOTERS. BUT TWO MEN HAD NO CHANCE AGAINST THE RUTHLESS LEFEVRE AND HIS GANG...



THE SHOTS WERE HEARD INSIDE THE BANK BY THE MANAGER AND HIS ASSISTANT ...



AND WHEN LEFEVRE STORMED INTO THE BANK OVER THE DEAD BODIES OF THE POLICE GUARD, THE GREAT BARRED DOORS OF THE INNER VAULT SLAMMED SHUT ...



THE LUCER IN LEFEVRE'S FIST STABBED AT THE TREMBLING ASSISTANT MANAGER ...



THE MANAGER, MAUNG CHIT KHIANG, DID NOT STIR – AND JUST AS CASUALLY, PAUL LEFEVRE SQUEEZED THE TRIGGER...



THE MANAGER MIGHT HAVE LACKED INCHES, BUT HE WAS NOT SHORT ON COURAGE ...



AT THAT MOMENT ...





DISARMED, THE MARAUDERS WERE HUSTLED INTO THE BANK. LEFEVRE GRINNED WOLFISHLY AT THE MANAGER...



MATT MADDOCK HASTILY INTERRUPTED - IN A VOICE IN WHICH THERE WAS A DECIDED QUAVER ...



LEFEVRE GAVE A RAUCOUS ROAR OF LAUGHTER AS THE MANAGER WENT OVER TO THE COMBINATION LOCK ...



THE OTHER MARAUDERS HAD HARDLY BELIEVED THEIR EARS AT THEIR CAPTAIN'S ATTITUDE - AND MICK FLUNG HIMSELF AT LEFEVRE WITH A WILD CRY OF RAGE ...



BUT PAUL LEFEVRE HELD THE GUN - AND WAS PREPARED TO USE IT.



STRICKEN, THE MARAUDERS STARED DOWN AT THE STILL FORM OF THEIR COMRADE.



HALF AN HOUR LATER, THE LAST CONTENTS OF THE VAULT WERE BEING CARRIED OUT ...



LEFEVRE SLAMMED THE DOOR ON THEM AND THEN PUT A LIGHT TO THE FUSE DANGLING FROM THE BOX OF EXPLOSIVES THAT STOOD ON THE FLOOR ...

WELL, THERE'S ENOUGH LOOT THERE TO KEEP US ON EASY STREET FOR THE REST OF OUR LIVES. I GUESS WE WON'T NEED THESE FIREWORKS, AFTER ALL. SAY YOUR PRAYERS, SUCKERS, YOU'VE GOT ABOUT TWENTY MINUTES TO LIVE!



TWENTY MINUTES — AND THEN THE WHOLE BUILDING WOULD BE TORN APART BY THE FORCE OF THE EXPLOSION ...

IT — IT IS NO GOOD — I CANNOT REACH IT!

KEEP TRYING, JULES...



TEN OF THOSE PRECIOUS MINUTES HAD FLASHED AWAY. MATT STARED ABOUT THE VAULT — AND THEN ...

WHAT'S THAT UP THERE? THOSE THINGS DOTTED ABOUT IN THE CEILING?

WHY, IT IS THE EMERGENCY FIRE SYSTEM. IF THE TEMPERATURE GETS TOO HIGH IN HERE — IF SOMETHING IS ON FIRE — WATER IS SPRAYED ALL OVER THESE ROOMS. IT IS THE LATEST —



MATT MADDOCK WAS ALREADY DRAGGING A FILING CABINET BENEATH ONE OF THE "SPRINKLERS" ...

HAS ANYBODY GOT A MATCH? QUICKLY NOW...

YES, HERE - BUT WHAT...?



THE COMMANDO CAPTAIN HELD THE LIGHTED MATCH BENEATH ONE OF THE THERMOSTAT CONTROLS OF THE SPRINKLER SYSTEM ...



SUDDENLY, WATER BEGAN TO SPRAY DOWN ALL OVER THE VAULT - AND OVER THE AREA OUTSIDE THE BARRED DOOR ...

C'EST MERVEILLEUX!

BUT OF COURSE - THE FUSE ...!



TO CRIES OF DELIGHT FROM THE TRAPPED MEN, THE SMOULDERING FUSE BEGAN TO SPLUTTER - AND THEN WENT OUT!

IT HAS DONE IT! THE WATER HAS DOUSED THE FUSE!

WITH ABOUT THIRTY SECONDS TO SPARE, I SHOULD THINK.



THEIR IMMEDIATE DANGER WAS OVER, BUT ...

WE'RE STILL TRAPPED IN HERE - AND I CAN'T -

LOOK! LOOK! BUT IT CANNOT BE -



MICK!

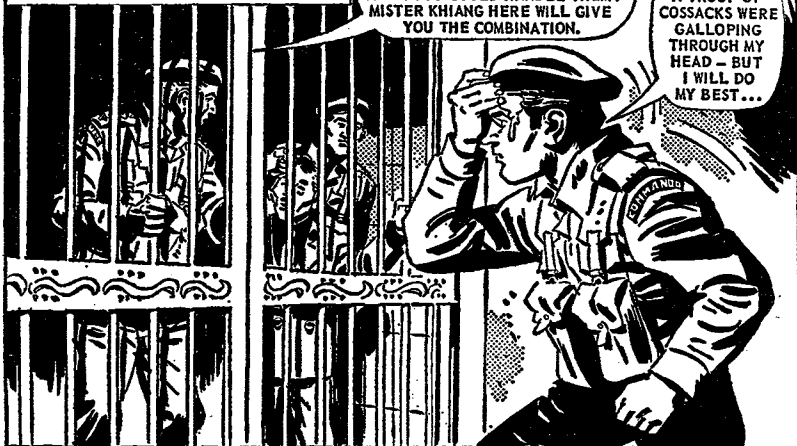
HE IS ALIVE! OUR LITTLE COMRADE IS ALIVE! THE WATER MUST HAVE REVIVED HIM!



THERE WAS AN UGLY WOUND ABOVE MICK PAULSKI'S TEMPLE, BUT THE LITTLE POLE WAS TOUGHER THAN HIS SIZE SUGGESTED...

MICK - THE CONTROLS THAT OPEN THIS MONKEY CAGE. D'YOU THINK YOU COULD HANDLE THEM? MISTER KHIANG HERE WILL GIVE YOU THE COMBINATION.

UGH - IT IS AS IF A TROOP OF COSSACKS WERE GALLOPING THROUGH MY HEAD - BUT I WILL DO MY BEST...



A FEW MORE TENSE MINUTES AND THE PONDEROUS DOOR SLID OPEN ...

HA-AI

COME ON, CHAPSI THERE'S NOT A MOMENT TO LOSE! JAN, BRING THE BOX OF EXPLOSIVES, WILL YOU?



THE BRAWNY DUTCHMAN HEFTED THE BOX ON TO HIS SHOULDER AS IF IT WERE WEIGHTLESS AND LED THE WAY OUT INTO THE STREET...

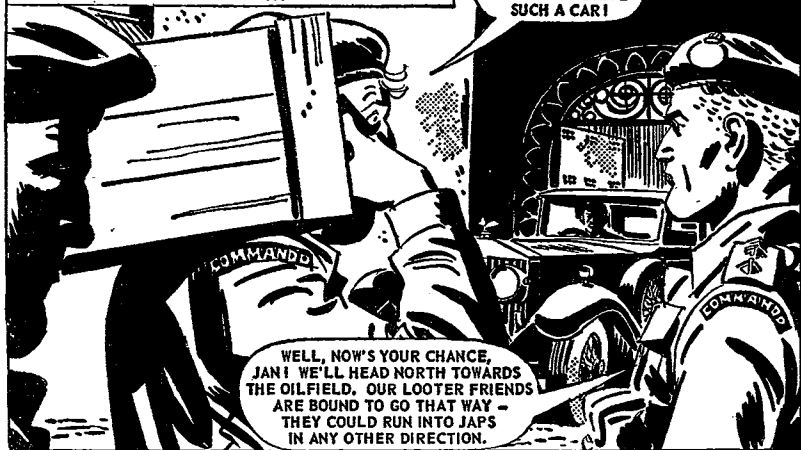
OUR NEXT PROBLEM'S TRANSPORT - SOMETHING THAT'S PRETTY SCARCE, I IMAGINE. I DON'T SUPPOSE OUR TRUCK IS STILL AROUND ...

BUT I HAVE A CAR, CAPTAIN - IT IS GARAGED AT THE BACK OF MY BANK.



IT WAS A CAR THAT MADE THEIR EYES GLEAM WITH ADMIRATION - PARTICULARLY JAN'S, THE ACE MECHANIC AND DRIVER OF THE MARAUDERS...

A ROLLS ROYCE! I HAVE ALWAYS WANTED TO DRIVE SUCH A CAR!



WELL, NOW'S YOUR CHANCE, JAN! WE'LL HEAD NORTH TOWARDS THE OILFIELD. OUR LOOTER FRIENDS ARE BOUND TO GO THAT WAY - THEY COULD RUN INTO JAPS IN ANY OTHER DIRECTION.

THE POWERFUL ENGINE PURRING SWEETLY,
THE ROLLS ATE UP THE MILES BETWEEN MYAWA
AND PINYANG ...



TRAILING A LONG BANNER OF DUST, THEY
ROUNDED A BEND ...



TWO TONS OF ROLLS ROYCE, MOVING AT 60 MILES AN HOUR,
MAKES A FORMIDABLE BATTERING RAM ...



SHOTS FLEW IN
ALL DIRECTIONS...

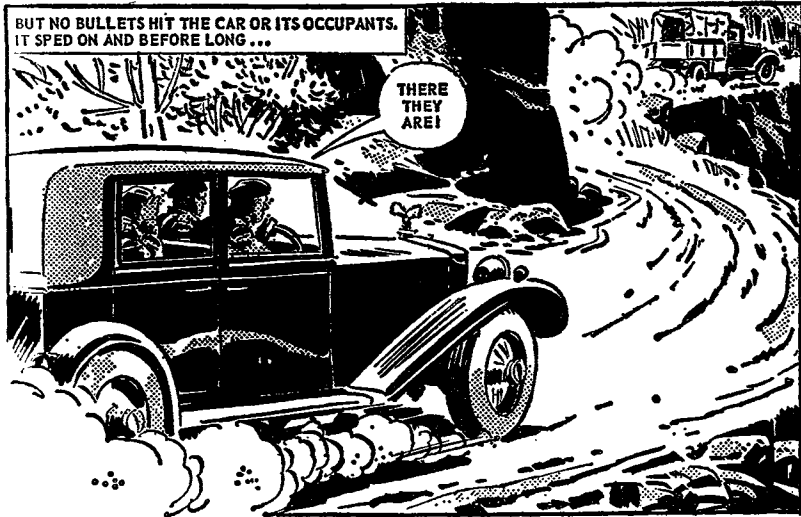
YOU REALISE
THAT IS A BOX OF
EXPLOSIVES YOU ARE
CUDDLING, MON AMI?
IF A BULLET HITS
THAT...!

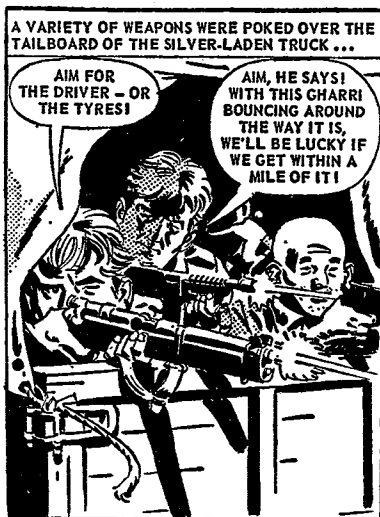
OH - OH,
D-DEAR!



BUT NO BULLETS HIT THE CAR OR ITS OCCUPANTS.
IT SPED ON AND BEFORE LONG...

THERE
THEY
ARE!





COOL, ACCURATE FIRE FROM THE MARAUDERS WAS PICKING OFF THE THUGS IN THE BACK OF THE TRUCK AS THE CAR PULLED ALONGSIDE ...



LEFEVRE SAW THE GLEAMING RADIATOR OF THE ROLLS IN HIS DRIVING MIRROR. HIS LIPS BARED IN A SNARL ...



SUDDENLY, THE CROOK WRENCHED AT THE STEERING WHEEL ...



BUT AT THAT PRECISE MOMENT, JAN SMIT HAD STAMPED ON THE BRAKES. DESPITE HIS WOUND, HE HELD THE ROLLS UNDER IRON CONTROL ...



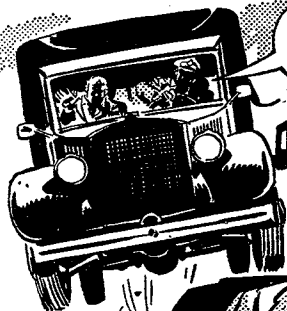
LEFEVRE'S EYES WIDENED AS HE SAW THE CAR HAD DROPPED BEHIND ...



HIS EYES SNAPPED BACK TO THE ROAD - TOO LATE!



THE HEAVY LORRY WENT OVER THE EDGE
AS IF SHOT OFF BY A CATAPULT ...



NO!

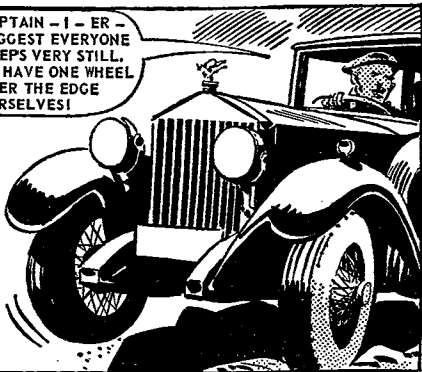
IT BOUNCED AND SOMERSAULTED TWICE ON
THE BOULDER-STREWN SLOPE - AND THEN ...

VERDOMME!
WHAT A WAY
TO END!

THEY KILLED FOR
THAT SILVER, JULES -
AND NOW THEY'VE DIED
FOR IT! IT'S A ROUGH
KIND OF JUSTICE - BUT
IT'S NO MORE THAN
THEY DESERVED!



CAPTAIN - I - ER -
SUGGEST EVERYONE
KEEPS VERY STILL.
WE HAVE ONE WHEEL
OVER THE EDGE
OURSELVES!



Chapter 3. *EMPTY VICTORY*

SOON, THE ROLLS AND ITS LOAD OF VITAL EXPLOSIVES WAS GLIDING SMOOTHLY ON TOWARDS PINYAUNG. AND THEN THE DARKNESS AHEAD WAS SPLIT BY THE FLASH OF EXPLOSIONS...

MORTAR BOMBS, I THINK! THE JAPS MUST HAVE DETOURED THROUGH THE JUNGLE STRAIGHT FOR THE OILFIELD. WE'LL GO A LITTLE CLOSER, JAN, AND DO THE REST ON FOOT.



THE COMMANDOS FOUND A VANTAGE POINT ...

LOOKS LIKE A COUPLE OF COMPANIES OF THE BLIGHTERS MOVING UP TO JOIN THE OTHERS ATTACKING THE FIELD - PLUS A COUPLE OF TANKS!

PRETTY TALL ODDS, CAPTAIN - EVEN FOR MARAUDERS!



MATT MADDOCK WAS TURNING THE SITUATION OVER IN HIS MIND WHEN THERE WAS A SOUND BEHIND THEM ...

WHAT THE -

SACRE BLEU! KHIANG - HE HAS TAKEN THE CAR! BUT SURELY...?



BUT HE WAS A BRAVE LITTLE MAN! I CANNOT BELIEVE HE WOULD RUN OUT ON US ...!

HE HASN'T, I'M SURE, JAN. WATCH ...



THEY SAW THE ROLLS ROYCE GATHER SPEED - AND JOIN THE ROAD WHERE THE TANKS WERE TRUNDLING FORWARD...



THE BEAUTIFUL LIMOUSINE WAS GOING AT FULL SPEED WHEN IT CAUGHT UP WITH THE JAPANESE LIGHT TANKS...

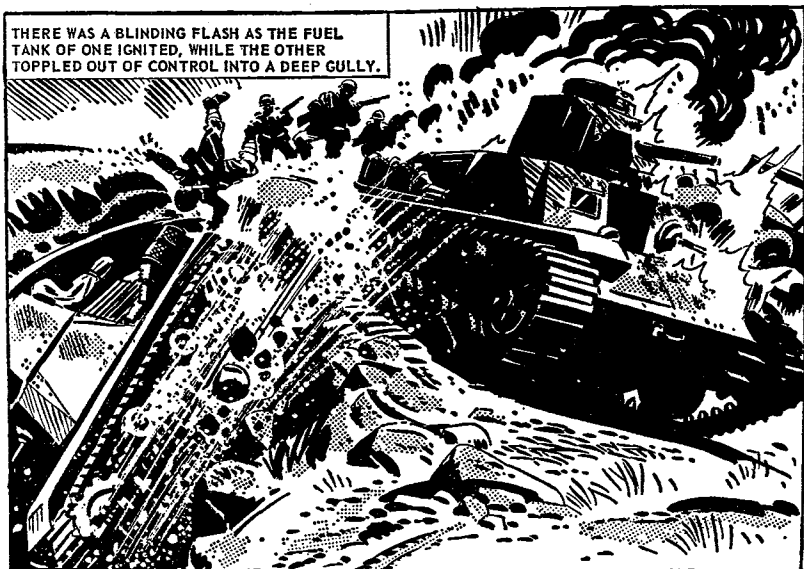


WITH A CRASH THAT MUST HAVE BEEN HEARD FOR MILES, STEEL HIT STEEL. THE TANKS SHUNTED VIOLENTLY INTO EACH OTHER WITH THE FORCE OF THE IMPACT . . .

AIEEEE!



THERE WAS A BLINDING FLASH AS THE FUEL TANK OF ONE IGNITED, WHILE THE OTHER TOPPLED OUT OF CONTROL INTO A DEEP GULLEY.



MATT MADDOCK AND HIS MARAUDERS WERE ALREADY MOVING AS THE FLAMES ENGULFED BOTH TANKS...



A FEW MOMENTS LATER, THEY HAD MADE CONTACT WITH THEIR MEN DEFENDING THE OIL INSTALLATIONS...

THANK HEAVEN YOU GOT HERE, SIR! WE'RE JUST ABOUT HOLDING THEM, BUT IF THOSE TANKS HAD GOT AMONG US, IT WOULD HAVE BEEN TOUCH AND GO.

HANG ON, SAR'-MAJOR -- BE WITH YOU IN A MINUTE...



MATT AND JULES HANDED OVER THE BOX OF EXPLOSIVES TO MAJOR DREW, WHO HAD TAKEN SHELTER IN THE GENERATING HOUSE.





NOW THE ENEMY MORTARS SEARCHED IN VAIN FOR THE WILL-O-THE-WISP COMMANDOS AND CASUALTIES WERE REDUCED ...

BY SHINTO! THE DEVILS ARE NOT THERE NOW! SAVE YOUR AMMUNITION, WE WILL MOUNT ANOTHER INFANTRY ATTACK INSTEAD!



IN A WILDLY SCREAMING HORDE, THE JAPANESE SOLDIERS CAME OUT OF THE DARKNESS...

BANZAI!

CONTROLLED FIRING, LADS! DON'T WASTE YOUR BULLETS!





MATT FOUND MICK, THE TROOP'S SUPERB
MARKSMAN ...

A SPOT OF
TRICK SHOOTING
FOR YOU, MICK, IF YOU
FEEL UP TO IT. YOU
SEE THAT SMALL HUT
BEHIND THE WATER
TOWER ...



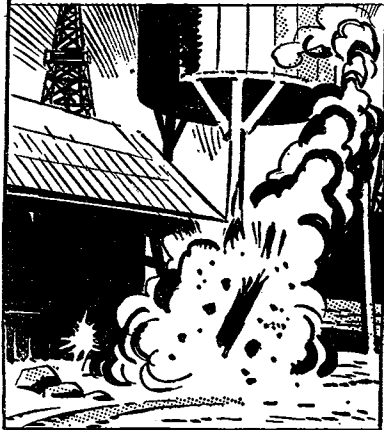
WITH A CUP DISCHARGER FITTED TO THE
LEE-ENFIELD RIFLE, THE LITTLE POLE
TOOK CAREFUL AIM ...



THE WATER TANK RESTED ON A TRIPOD OF STOUT
TIMBERS — AND ONE OF THESE WAS MICK'S TARGET ...



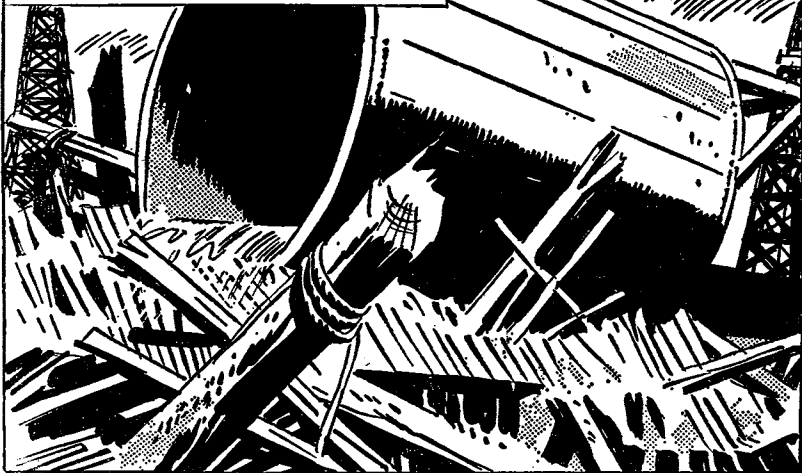
THE FIRST GRENADE HE FIRED WHISTLED PAST THE LEG OF THE TRIPOD AND EXPLODED BEYOND IT. BUT THE SECOND - AND THE THIRD - EXPLODED FULL AGAINST IT ...



AND THEN THE GREAT WEIGHT OF THE WATER-FILLED TANK FINISHED OFF WHAT THE GRENADES HAD STARTED ...

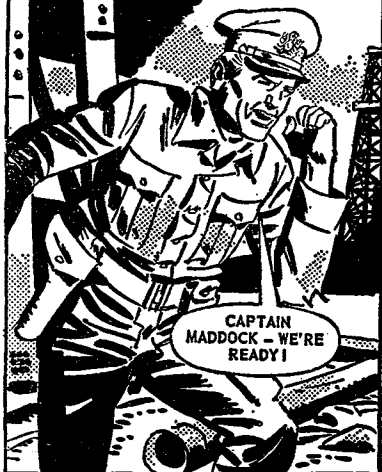


THE BUILDING SHELTERING THE JAPANESE WHO HAD INFILTRATED THE MARAUDERS' LINE WAS FLATTENED ...





AND THEN ...



CAPTAIN
MADDOCK - WE'RE
READY!

ALL THE CHARGES WERE LINKED TO A CENTRAL
DETONATING POINT.

SAR'-MAJOR, GET
THE MEN OUT THE
BACK WAY - BUT DON'T
LET THE ENEMY SEE YOU
DISENGAGING...

RIGHT,
SIR!



A FEW MEN KEPT UP A SHOW OF DEFENCE UNTIL THE
FRESH JAPANESE ATTACK CAME IN. THEN THEY TOOK TO
THEIR HEELS, GIVING THE APPEARANCE OF PANICKY FLIGHT...

BANZAI! THE
COWARDLY DOGS RUN!
FORWARD FOR THE
EMPEROR!



MAJOR DREW BORE DOWN ON THE PLUNGER - AND EXPLOSION UPON
EXPLOSION TRANSFORMED THE OILFIELD INTO A RAGING INFERNO ...





THE DEATH-DEFYING EXPLOIT OF THE LITTLE BURMESE MAUNG CHIT KHIANG WAS EXPLAINED TO THE REST OF THE MARAUDERS AND HE WAS GLADLY WELCOMED INTO THAT BRAVE COMPANY. THEY HAD TAKEN ALL THAT A RAMPAGING ENEMY COULD THROW AT THEM — AND LEFT HIM AN EMPTY VICTORY.



THE PATRIOT

THE FRENCHMEN HAD NO INKLING OF THEIR PERIL UNTIL THE VICIOUS RIFLE VOLLEY SPLIT THE SILENCE OF THE WOODS...



HAUPTMANN GRIEBER SMILED AS HE HEARD THE SOUNDS OF GUNFIRE.



SECONDS LATER, THE GUNFIRE CEASED AND A GERMAN LEUTNANT CAME RUNNING FROM THE TREES...



GRIEBER LEFT THE SAFETY OF HIS STAFF CAR AND STRODE INTO THE WOOD...



THAT SAME AFTERNOON, MARCEL RECEIVED HIS FIRST TASTE OF GRIEBER'S HOSPITALITY...



AFTER A VAIN HOUR OF PERSUASION MARCEL WAS TURNED OVER TO THE S.S.

HE IS STUBBORN, THIS ONE - BUT BE CAREFUL WITH HIM. I WANT HIM FIT FOR HIS EXECUTION.

JAWOHL, HERR HAUPTMANN.



FOR TWO WEEKS, THE FRENCHMAN ENDURED THE SAVAGE TORTURES OF THE S.S.

THEY KNOW THEIR JOB WELL, THESE DEVILS! HOW MUCH LONGER CAN I HOLD OUT?



THE SAME THOUGHT WAS AT THAT MOMENT RUNNING THROUGH THE MIND OF HAUPTMANN GRIEBER...

ONE MORE TRIP TO THE CELLS SHOULD BREAK THE FRENCHMAN'S SPIRIT. THEN I SHALL HAVE THE INFORMATION THAT WILL DESTROY THE RESISTANCE IN THIS AREA...



THAT AFTERNOON, GRIEBER WAS CALLED FROM HIS OFFICE TO THE CELLS...

HE IS READY TO TALK,
HERR HAUPTMANN!

GOOD!
GOOD!



MARCEL WAS SLUMPED IN THE CHAIR...

NOW, MONSIEUR,
YOU ARE READY
TO ANSWER
MY QUESTIONS?

OUI... OUI!
I CAN...
TAKE NO...
MORE...



I WANT TO KNOW THE LOCATION
OF YOUR RESISTANCE
HEADQUARTERS. TAKE ME
THERE AND YOUR LIFE WILL
BE SPARED...

ANYTHING...
ANYTHING...



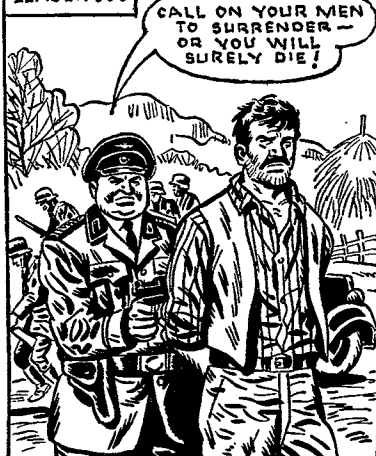
AT DAWN THE FOLLOWING MORNING, GRIEBER'S STAFF CAR AND A TRUCK FULL OF INFANTRY LEFT THE GERMAN HEADQUARTERS. AN HOUR LATER THEY TURNED INTO A FARMYARD...



THE FRENCHMEN MADE NO SIGN OF THEIR PRESENCE AS THE STAFF CAR DOOR SWUNG OPEN AND MARCEL CLAMBERED OUT...



LUGER IN HAND, GRIEBER STEPPED UP CLOSE TO THE RESISTANCE LEADER...



DESPITE THE WEEKS OF TORTURE,
MARCEL PROUDLY RAISED HIS
HEAD...

MEN OF FRANCE!
I HAVE BROUGHT YOU
OUR ENEMY!
OPEN FIRE!
AND KILL HIM!



THE SILENCE WAS ELECTRIFYING.
GRIEBER STOOD FROZEN TO THE
GROUND, HIS MOUTH DROPPING
OPEN...

BUT MARCEL - HE
WILL SURELY
BE KILLED IF WE
OPEN FIRE!

HE
KNOWS
THAT,
BOY!

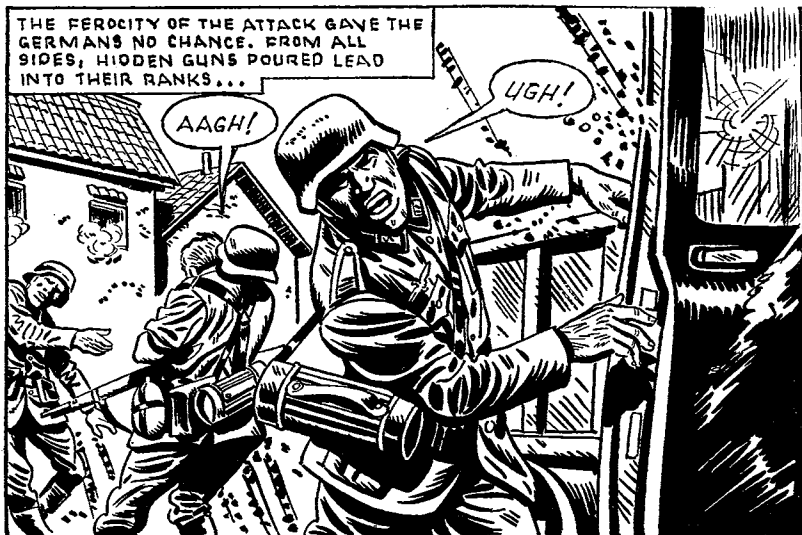


THE BURLY FRENCHMAN LEVELLED THE STEN GUN AND SQUEEZED THE
TRIGGER. BOTH MARCEL AND GRIEBER FELL IN THAT FIRST BURST OF
WITHERING FIRE...

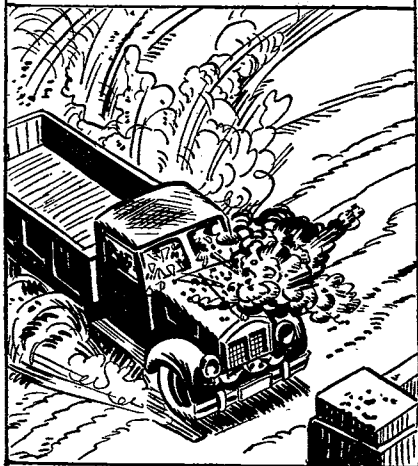
MAKE THE
SWINE PAY,
MES AMIS!



THE FEROCITY OF THE ATTACK GAVE THE GERMANS NO CHANCE. FROM ALL SIDES, HIDDEN GUNS POURED LEAD INTO THEIR RANKS...



THE FELDWEBEL IN THE TRUCK TRIED DESPERATELY TO ESCAPE. A GRENADE STOPPED HIM AT THE GATE...



SILENCE FELL ACROSS THE FARMYARD AGAIN.





Published each month by IPC Magazines Ltd., King's Reach Tower, Stamford Street, London SE1 9LS. Printed by Fleetway Printers, Gravesend, Kent. Subscription facilities (inland and overseas) are not now available. Sole Agents: Australia and New Zealand, Gordon & Gotch, Ltd.; South Africa, Central News Agency, Ltd. WAR PICTURE LIBRARY is sold subject to the following conditions, that it shall not without the written consent of the Publishers first given be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of by way of Trade except at the full retail price shown on the cover, selling price in Eire subject to V.A.T. and that it shall not be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of in a mutilated condition, or in any unauthorised cover by way of Trade; or affixed to or as part of any publication or advertising, literary or pictorial matter whatsoever.

For war thrills . . action . . drama

WAR PICTURE LIBRARY

True-to-life adventures of
the men of the fighting
services in World War 2.



**SIX
GREAT
WAR
STORIES
EVERY
MONTH !**

BATTLE IS A HIT. EVERY WEEK!

With **7** great stories like Johnny Red, Charley's War, Darkie's Mob, etc., this magazine explodes every thursday...



...so don't miss out
on the action and adventure...
Order a regular copy from your newsagent **NOW!**